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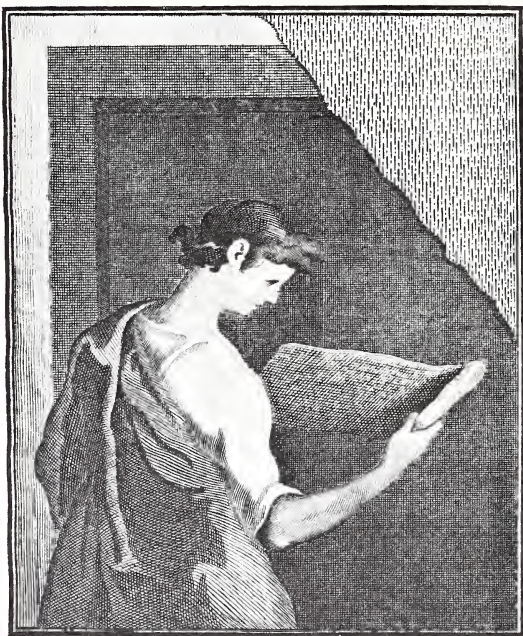
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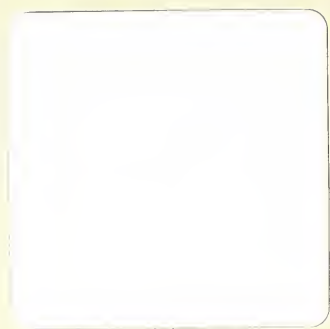
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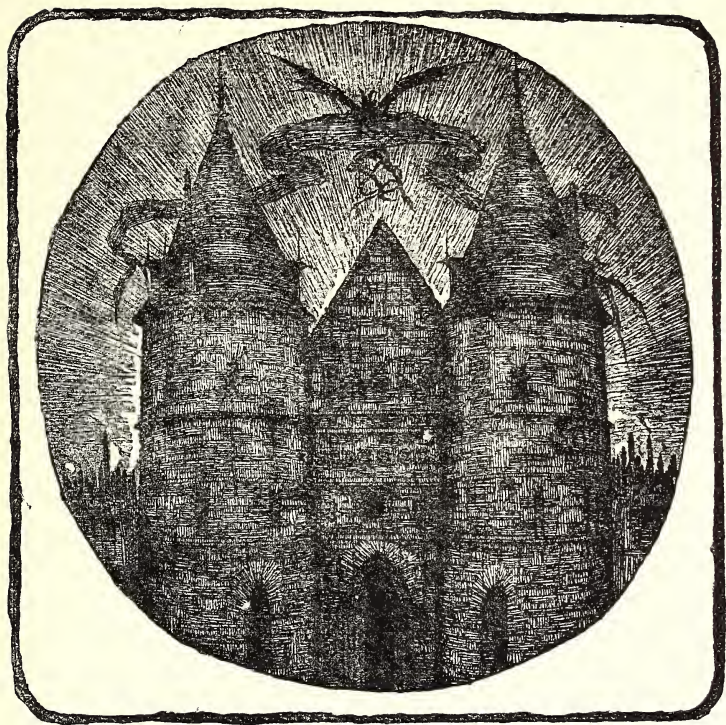
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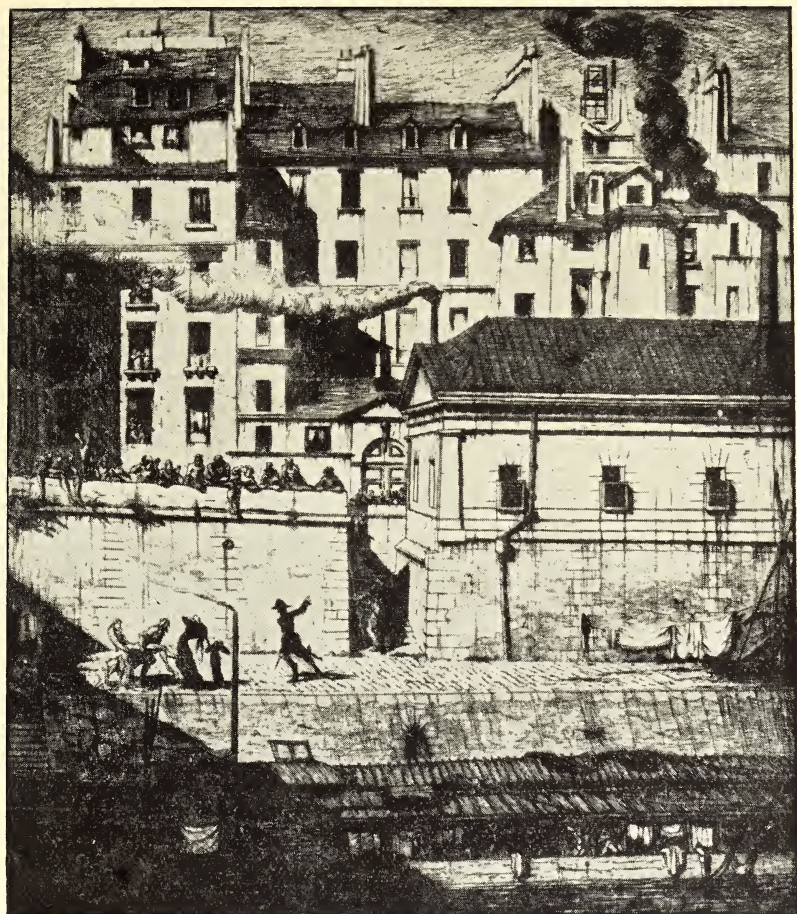
Architecture and Sculpture

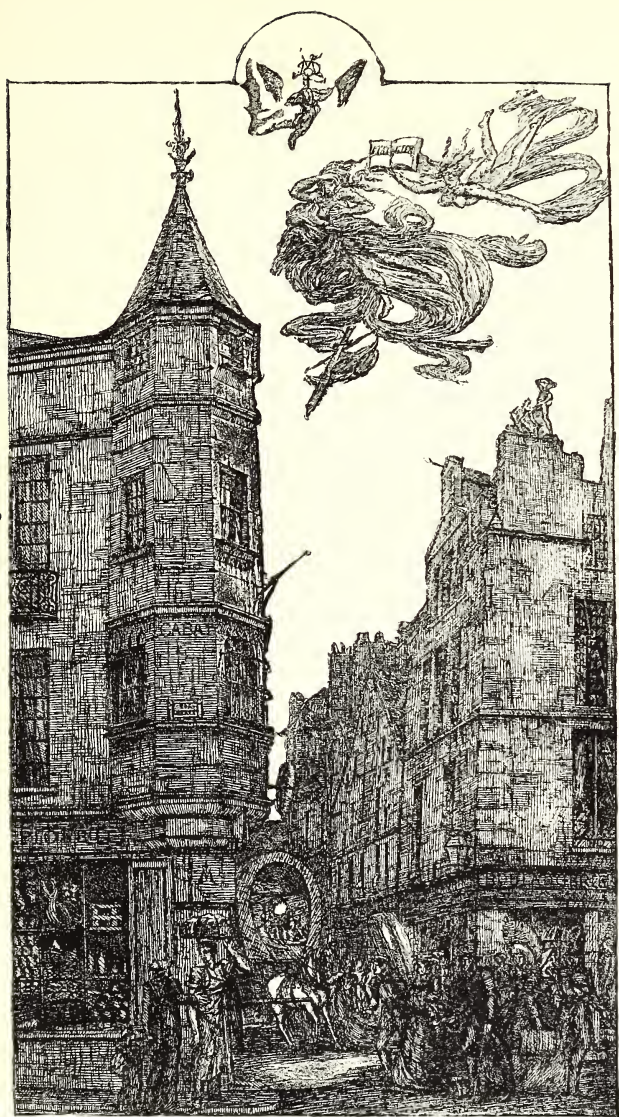


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Insultable comme la belle Carme
Sur la Grande Rue rampe sa pelure.

The Paris of Méryon

Méryon's Paris! The phrase is surcharged with regrets! First, that it is no longer Méryon's; next, that it is no longer ours. For the thirty years since he saw it have worked many changes. Yet in studying those few aspects of Paris of the Third Empire which he has recorded, fancy re-edifies the demolished streets, and forgets not only the terrible days of the Commune, which he never knew, but also of the iconoclastic Haussmann, whose "magnificent improvements," it might be conjectured, had something to do with "the melancholy madness aggravated by illusions" that shadowed the later years of the artist's life.

Of Méryon as etcher much has been said, and said well. Therefore here we may forget for the moment his marvellous command of technique, and be untroubled by questions of "states" and "bitings." In fact, we may set aside the whole terminology of the connoisseur and expert, and consider only the Paris he saw, and seeing set it down for all the world's wonder and delight in the etchings which are his monument.

There are perhaps as many cities of Paris as of London. For, as a clever writer pointed out some time ago, there are

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at least half a dozen distinct towns gathered together in London—the seat of legislature and empire, the centre of society, the great emporium of British commerce, the wonderland of stored treasure in gallery and museum that makes it the Mecca of the art of Great Britain, one of the biggest manufacturing districts of England, and a port of call second to none in the world. Yet of these six aspects, which do not exhaust London, none imply a claim, even indirectly, that it is the most beautiful city of the empire. Except to its true citizen, it is hardly a thing of visible beauty, a place to delight in æsthetically; even its lovers find it only most charming under veils of smoke and mist, or when some adventitious effect of atmosphere touches its mean streets to glamour.

Of Paris, however, the sheer beauty of the city on the Seine is the first and abiding impression to a visitor, and whatever its aspect to patriotic Frenchmen, and to travellers of certain orders, to one who appreciates beauty it is above all a city to admire, to study, and to revisit for itself again and again, long after its “lions” have been “done” and its show-places exhausted. Possibly, to enjoy any town fully one must be fairly ignorant of its local story, and yet fully alive to the larger part it has played in the history of its country. This is, perhaps, too sweeping an assertion, in face of the habit of certain folk who love to identify houses, handbook in hand, and are not satisfied when they have visited the former abodes of famous people, but go on to hunt up the dwellings of those who never lived at all save in the pages of a Dickens, a Thackeray, or a Dumas. Yet such delight in visiting the domiciles of the great is not far removed from the nursemaid’s love of cemeteries and her

The Paris of Méryon

mistress's appetite for personal paragraphs regarding domestic details whether of dead heroes of fact or fiction; each habit alike trespassing on good taste. But the chief objection is that, investigating a town after such a fashion, one is apt to ignore the effect of the whole; as if one studied a Méryon etching line by line through a small lens, and never even glanced at it as a picture.

Yet as a city is too big to grasp in its entirety, one must needs select certain portions to typify the whole. Ideally perfected selection is agreed on all hands to be the end of art, no matter what may be the medium. Selection, however, depends entirely on the governing motive; and here, without overlooking the fact that Paris, even as it appears in Méryon's etchings alone, would provide material for history and anecdote enough to fill the present volume, it is possible that the domestic Paris which was contemporaneous with Méryon might be overlooked. Indeed, as we find by an extract from one of his letters, he himself was not concerned with modern buildings, although, as he aimed at topographical accuracy, they came of "necessity into his field of vision. Even the destruction of old Paris—the gabled, half-timber, mediæval city—he looked upon," says Mr. Wedmore, "not so much with an antiquarian as an artistic and personal regret. Had Méryon been genuinely antiquarian, he would have sketched details of architecture with a colder correctness, but with less of the living fire. As it was, he loved architecture, and knew it more widely than any artist before." Knowing it so well, while he sought the picturesque aspect of old buildings, he could not help imparting to comparatively modern dwellings the same charm of truth, and, accidentally as it were, set down no little of

The Dome

the witchery of a later Paris, which still survives, especially on the south bank of the Seine and in many other portions, in byeways and backwaters, from the great boulevards.

Yet all the same one fancies that, while he loved Gothic with an educated taste, he also felt instinctively the charm of the still more typically French domestic style (so far as town buildings are concerned). Otherwise, why did *La Morgue* attract him? "It is characteristic: the gloomy murkiness of it: the black impure smoke which overshadows it—and death the motive for all." So writes Sir Seymour Haden, speaking of this plate. It is true that, if you know it to be a picture of *La Morgue*, and at once discern the dead body and the crowd of spectators, you may find Death as its key-note; but, forgetting the accidental interest, and looking at it merely as a typical group of French buildings in brilliant sunshine, dignity and austerity reveal themselves, but hardly Death. Were a State ceremony introduced in place of the gruesome incident, one fancies that the morbidity would be forgotten, and that the strength and stateliness of the houses would be the chief impression. In fact, it is literature, not line, which supplies the horror of the scene.

It is the prerogative of a great work of art to be literally all things to all men. This one looks for sadness, that one for peace; one for courage, another for calm; and each finds in it what he sought. Nor are many men needful to discover its various messages; many moods will extract them no less directly.

Méryon, with his *Abside de Notre Dame*, is one artist, monumental and self-contained, and the Méryon who altered his plates, not merely in detail but in spirit, is another.

The Paris of Méryon

Thus in some grave and sedate, we find flocks of wild birds in the sky, or of allegorical figures. In one state of the famous *Collège Henry IV.* is a mad medley of steamboats in the sky, in others balloons appear, yet these are evidently no part of the original scheme, and more often taken out from later impressions. That they were due to his mental condition is no doubt a fact; and it is pleasant to discover how carefully he avoids playing pranks with the *real* subject. Not only do the mediæval buildings he loved remain undisfigured; but in the big *Henry IV.* he completes the wonderful bird's-eye vista of contemporary buildings, which make the great plate a source of inexhaustible delight to those who love the mansard roof and the calm, untroubled façade of a typical Paris house.

That he disdained to record the architecture of his day, and thought little of those who attempted it, is proved by the aforesaid letter (to M. Jules Andrière):—"It is because the modern square is the principal thing for them, and the time an accident. But if they saw as I see, an enemy behind each battlement, and arms through each loophole, if they expected as I do, to have the boiling oil and the molten lead poured down on them, they would do far finer things than I can do." Here we have the secret of his wonderful rendering of the *Tour S. Jacques* in *Le Stryge*, of the famous *Abside de Notre Dame*, and of many another relic of old Paris, such as the *Ancienne Porte de la Palais de Justice*, here reproduced. In these, and in the *Partie de la Cité de Paris, vers la fin du XVII. siècle*, *Le Grand Châtelet*, *Le Pont au Change*, and a dozen more, the central motive is the picturesque, as all the world acknowledges it. But in the square below *Le Stryge*, in the distance of the *Collège Henry IV.* (3rd

The Dome

state), in the *Tourelle dite de Marat*, the *Tour de la Tixéranderie*, the *Rue Pirouette*, and the *Rue des Chantres*, we have, besides the fragment of ancient building that attracted the artist, intrusive bits of actuality, that to some lovers of Paris are still more delightful than are the mediæval buildings which Méryon himself seems to have preferred.

To appreciate a great artist from a point of view antagonistic to his own, is not so impertinent as it seems. Nor does it traverse the opinions of those who prefer other qualities in his work. As nature speaks with different voices to catch each listener's ear, so art has a message set with such sumptuous harmony and orchestrated so elaborately, that of a thousand hearers each one may pick out the single melody that appeals most strongly to him. It may be the obvious "tune" in the "treble," it may be a scarce suspected "figure" in the "alto" or "tenor," hidden as it were from the general ear, but as dear to the composer as any other. Critics, fully equipped, have praised Méryon for the main theme of his composition; if one praises him no less for the accidents that belonged to it, no harm is done. Epics appeal to one taste, epigrams to another, while to a third, some quiet passage—it may be of the nature of a stage direction, or a footnote—appeals not less irresistibly. The peculiar fascination of French buildings—many lacking any feature which would find its place in an architectural text-book—is very keenly felt by some people; and because I happen to be one of those, and find in Méryon the only sympathetic record of this featureless, indescribable architecture, I have ventured to express my own pleasure in the impression derived. This is the more easy because one feels sure human nature is rarely limited to a minority of one;

The Paris of Méryon

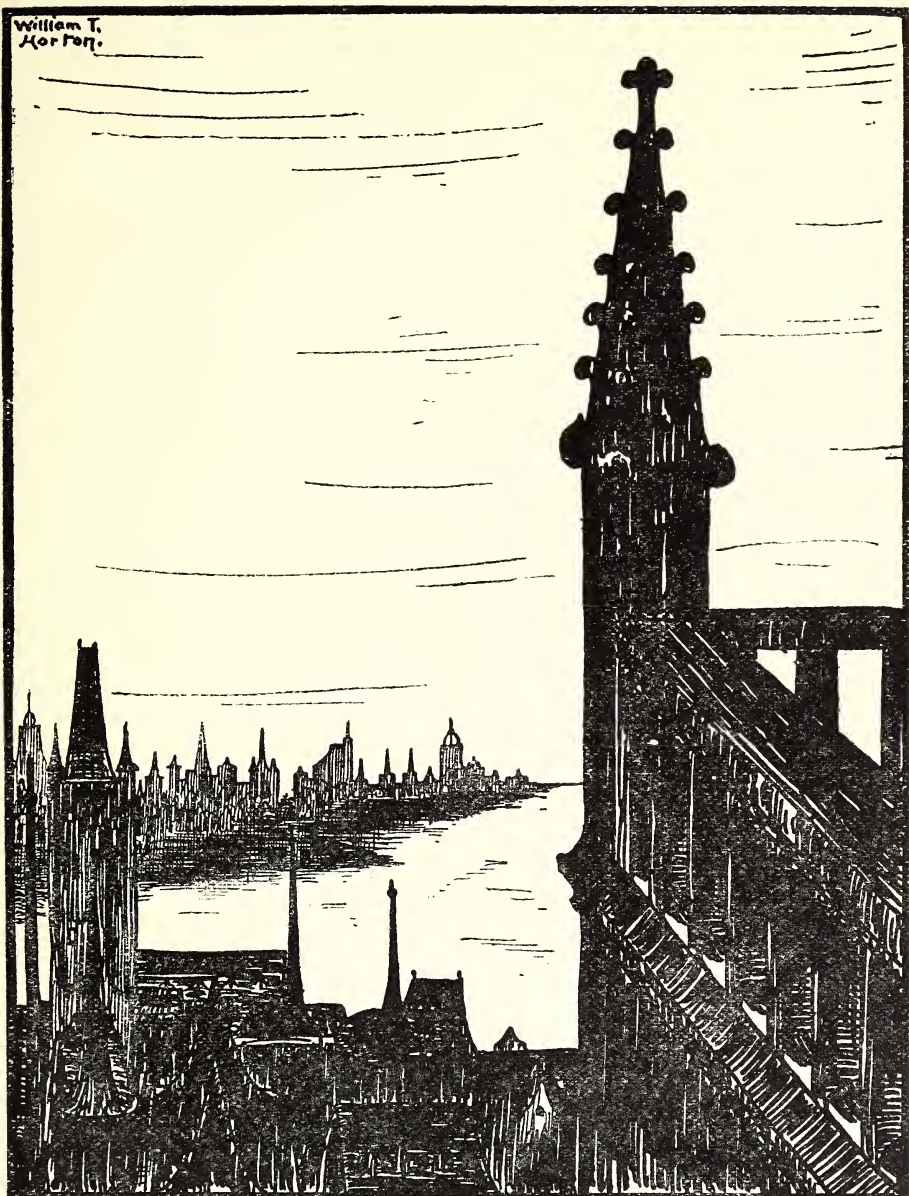
and that a few—if only a few—despite Browning's question, "How comes it thou canst discern the greatest, yet choosest the smallest?"—will find that their ideal Paris is not Notre Dame, nor La Sainte Chapelle, not the Panthéon, nor the curiously bizarre, almost humorous architecture of St. Etienne du Mont, not the vista up the Champs Elysées, nor the movement or life of the Boulevards after twilight, but the old houses on the Quai Bourbon, at the foot of the Rue de Seine, and dozens of other half-disreputable-looking streets, where the real Paris of the simple bourgeois, no less than the Paris of the red terror, seems still to abide. One forgets the pageants that Notre Dame has witnessed—the horrors of the Place de la Concorde—the Uhlands' entry past the Arc de Triomphe—the splendour of its court functions, and the excesses of its populace, and sees only the quiet, simplified simplicity of French middle-class life—artistically expressed by its ordinary houses, as surely as the duller and more self-indulgent life of middle-class London is expressed by the Bloomsbury squares, the Regent's Park crescents, and the rest. It is impossible to translate into words the effect of these tall houses, with façades unbroken save by Venetian window shutters. They have "style" and "distinction." Whether still maintained as the abode of wealthy people, or fallen to *Hôtels meublés* for penniless students or the *declassé* generally, they preserve a certain grand manner, of which both Eaton Square and the streets of London lodging-houses are alike guileless. The plaster may be crumbling, the stone itself scaling, the woodwork unpainted and dropping to pieces, and yet they are monumental in a sense. Severe as they appear at first sight, details of good carving, of fine mould-

The Dome

ings and gracefully wrought pilasters, are not wanting; but first and last they impress one as being built, and well built, not as mere boxes—with ornament stuck on to hide the poverty of their design and their mean proportions. Drawn by an architectural draughtsman, they would look tame enough; but as Méryon has etched them, the whole spirit of Paris is retained, and one feels the spirit of the white house, with a green bough somewhere near to make it look still whiter, while the foliage itself seems to reflect light therefrom. From this common fact is built up the beauty of Paris as a city, and Méryon has phrased this charm—in lines melodious and true—as none did before or since.

Gleeson White.

William T.
Morison.



Literature

Au Coin du Feu

A ssise, près de moi, sur l'escabeau de frêne,
Elle regardait le feu, sa joue contre ma main ;
Elle regardait le feu ; je regardais Demain,
Et je chantais, pour elle, cette chanson qu'elle
aime,

Et dont son cœur léger dit, tout bas, le refrain :—

“Le feu qui brûle et brille
Chante comme des oiseaux . . .
L’âme de la forêt y trille
Parmi la rumeur des roseaux :

C'est la voix de Mai dans les branches
—Bûcheron, ton œuvre fut vaine—
La fauvette et la mésange
Sifflent au vent leur cantilènes.

Ainsi nul n'est mort de nos rêves,
Nulle heure n'est oubliée :
J'en ai fait aussi des chansons pour vos lèvres,
Et nos fleurs, je les ai liées

Au Coin du Feu

En un bouquet frais pour toujours,
Car nos baisers y mirent leur sève,
Et l'haleine pure des halliers
Et le parfum de nos amours.

Vois donc ! la flamme est la fleur hardie ;
L'arome des feuilles qui brûlent est doux,
Comme ce sous-bois reverdi
Où tu cueillais du muguet, à genoux,
En un geste de paradis.

La chaleur de la flamme est tiède, n'est-ce pas ?
Comme ce soleil au creux du sentier
En cette heure de Juin fleuri, tout là-bas ? . . .
J'entends la chanson que vous chantiez,
Sous bois,
Tout bas, à mi-voix. . . .

Ce feu qui brûle et brille et pétille
Chante comme les oiseaux dans la feuillée ;
L'âme de la forêt y siffle et trille
La chanson des lilas effeuillés
Sous nos pas d'Avril,
Et chante la naissance des jeunes roses
Quand Mai s'est lève pour nous dire : Osez, ose ! . . .”

Elle dormait, sa joue contre ma main,
Et, regardant le feu, je songeais à demain :

The Dome

“Demain s'en vient, et qu'en sera-t-il ?
De toutes nos chansons ensoleillées . . .
Qu'en sera-t-il de nos chansons de Mai ?
Qui les redira de voix parfumée,
Quand nous dormirons, côte à côte, à jamais,
Du sommeil sans réveil
Et du rêve sans trêve. . . .”

Elle dormait, vermeille !
Or je bus une larme à ses cils mouillés :
Car elle rêvait mon songe, et je parlais son rêve.

Francis Vielé-Griffin.

In the Strand

I

The Mother to her brooding breast
Her shrouded baby closely holds;
A stationary shadow, drest
In shadow, falling folds on folds,

With gesture motionless as Night,
She stands; through wavering glare and sound
Deep pierces, like a sombre light,
The full gloom of her gaze profound.

2

The Toy-Seller his idle wares
Carefully ranges, side by side;
With coveting soft earnest airs
The children linger, open-eyed.

His haunted soul from far away
Looks in the lamplight absently.
They see not him, O happy they!
He sees not them, O woeful he!

Laurence Binyon.

The Poison Tree

To the Tree of Life on Judgment Day
Spake the poor poison tree:
"Within my sap came death to stay,
When life first looked at me.

"But from thy boughs there went a breath,
Thy shadow on me fell;
And nothing have I done for death,
Because I loved thee well.

"So I was barren for thy sake,
Though little else I did.
Here, Lord, as in a napkin take
The talent that I hid!

"Unburden my dark boughs, and shift
The blessings of thy breath;
Have back again thy bitter gift,
Who gavest life to death!"

Laurence Housman.

In the Streets

As he wandered evilly-idle the London kerb,
He burned for a woman that sold in the glare
her flowers ;
And something she held in her arms, but he
saw not what.

Then God, who is easily shunned, relinquished the man.
As he stood, and smiled, and bargained, the woman inclined

Her face, and directed downward a sacred look :
In her look were the man and the city forgotten clean.
Yet his eyes followed her eyes, and he saw, and reeled ;
For a babe on her arm smiled brightly up in his face.

Stephen Phillips.

Prologue : Before the Theatre

The play, who should praise? praise rather the
actors who play!

Would you not say, as you watch, that we lived
our parts,

You who sit and watch our playing to-day,

We of each other, and almost our hearts of our hearts,
And almost, I fancy, the Author himself as well?

He gave us our parts in his story, but could he have
dreamed

We should take for our own the story he set us to tell,

And be, for our moment, the thing that we need but
have seemed?

I swear to you, first-born and last of my heart's one love,

That I love you not; you who love me believe me;
and you

Sob in my ears that you cannot hate me enough,

And I go on my way, and I say to my heart: It is
true!

And to you, O friend, who are tender and loving and
wise,

And a friend out of all to be loved, but by other men,
I swear that I love you, calling my soul to my eyes,
And alas! my friend, you always believe me then.

Prologue: Before the Theatre

How well we play our parts! Do you ever guess,
You as you sit on the footlights' fortunate side,
That we, we haply falter with weariness,
And haply the cheeks are pale that the blush-paints
hide,
And haply we crave to be gone from out of your sight,
And to say to the Author: O our master and friend,
Dear Author, let us off for a night, one night!
Then we will come back, and play our parts to the
end.

Arthur Symons.

Tom o' Bedlam's Song

(Written round selected verses—the third and fourth stanzas and the first five lines of the first stanza in the following poem—from the well-known song in “Wit and Drollery.”)

From the hag and hungry goblin
That into rags would rend ye,
All the spirits that stand
By the naked man,
In the book of moons, defend ye.
Beware of the black rider
Through blasted dreams borne nightly;
From Venus Queen
Saved may you bin,
And the dead that die unrightly.

With a wench of wanton beauties
I came unto this ailing:
Her breast was strewn
Like the half o' the moon
With a cloud of gliding veiling.
In her snow-beds to couch me
I had so white a yearning,
Like a moon-struck man
Her pale breast 'gan
To set my wits a-turning.

I know more than Apollo;
For oft, when he lies sleeping,
I behold the stars
At mortal wars,
And the rounded welkin weeping

Tom o' Bedlam's Song

The moon's my constant mistress,
And the lovely owl my morrow;
The flaming drake
And the night-crow make
Me music, to my sorrow.

With a heart of furious fancies,
Whereof I am commander;
With a burning spear,
And a horse of air,
To the wilderness I wander:
With a knight of ghosts and shadows
I summoned am to tourney,
Ten leagues beyond
The wide world's end;
Methinks it is no journey!

The shadows plot against me,
And lie in ambush for me;
The stars conspire,
And a net of fire
Have set for my faring o'er me.

I ride by ways that are not,
With a trumpet sounding to me
From goblin lists,
And the maws of mists
Are opened to undo me.

Hate, Terror, Lust, and Frenzy,
Look in on me with faces;
And monstrous haunch
And toad-blown paunch
Do show me loathed disgraces.

The Dome

I hear on imminent cities
The league-long watches armèd,
Dead cities lost
Ere the moon grew a ghost,
Phantasmal, viewless, charmèd.

With sights I, seeing, see not,
The air is all a-bustle;
Draughty with wings
And seething things
That without sound do rustle.

It is not light nor darkness
In that place which is placeless:
With horror of doom,
Drift by like fume
Faces that are most faceless.

As a burst and blood-blown insect
Cleaves to the wall it dies on,
The smearèd sun
Doth clot upon
A heaven without horizon.

I dare not but be dreadful,
Because all things to dread are;
With a trumpet blown
Through the mists alone
From a land where the lists of the dead are.

Francis Thompson.

Aodh to Dectora

Three Songs

I

I wander by the edge
Of this desolate lake,
Where wind cries in the sedge,
Until the axle break
That keeps the stars in their round,
And hands hurl in the deep
The banners of East and West,
And the girdle of light is unbound,
Your breast will not lie on the breast
Of your beloved in sleep.

2

Pale brow, still hands, and dim hair,
I had a beautiful friend,
And dreamed that the old despair
Might fade in love in the end:
She looked in my heart one day,
And saw your image was there,
She has gone weeping away.

The Dome

3

Half close your eyelids, loosen your hair,
And dream about the great and their pride,
They have spoken against you everywhere,
But weigh this song with the great and their pride;
I made it out of a mouthful of air;
Their children's children shall say they have lied.

W. B. Yeats.

Children of the Dark Star

It is God that builds the nest of the blind bird. I know not when or where I heard that said, if ever I heard it, but it has been near me as a breast-feather to a bird's heart since I was a child.

When I ponder it, I say to myself that it is God also who guides sunrise and moonrise into obscure hearts, to build, with those winged spirits of light, a nest for the blind soul.

Often and often I have thought of this saying of late, because of him who was known to me many years ago as Alasdair Achanna, and of whom I have written elsewhere as "The Anointed Man": though now from the Torridons of Ross to the Rhinns of Islay he is known by one name only, "Alan Dall."

No one knows the end of those who are born under the Dark Star. What is this star, where and when does its double pulse emit light and shadow? Some moonlit night one may perhaps descry it beyond the branches of a wind-stirred glen, though in the neighbouring straths a hundred eyes might vainly scan the waste. It is said that the Children of the Dark Star are always born to some strange, and certainly obscure, destiny. Some are fëy from their youth,

The Dome

or a melancholy of madness comes upon them later, so that they go forth from their kind, and wander outcast, haunting most the lonely and desolate regions where the voice of the hill-wind is the sole voice. Some, born to evil, become, in strange ways, ministers of light. Some, born of beauty, are plumed spirits of decay. But of one and all this is sure: that, in the end, they pass silently and obscurely from the ken of man. No one knows the when or how of their going. It is easy to say that these things are fables. What of the many who have simply disappeared, whose bodies none has ever seen, bodies which no cavern or bog, no moor or forest, has revealed, no wave delivered?

These things are mysteries; but if we relinquish mysteries because we do not understand them, we have no commune with the Spirit of Life, and are deaf to the ever-changing whispering of Death.

Of these Children of the Dark Star my friend Alasdair Achanna, "Alan Dall," was one.

"Alan Dall"—blind, as the Gaelic word means: it was difficult for me to believe that darkness could be fallen, without break, upon the eyes of Alasdair Achanna. He had so loved the beauty of the world that he had forfeited all else. Yet, blind wayfarer along the levens of life as he was, I envied him—for, truly, this beautiful soul had entered into the kingdom of dreams.

When accidentally I met him once again, it was with deep surprise on both sides. He thought I had gone to a foreign land, either the English southlands or "away beyond." I, for my part, had believed him to be no longer of the living, and had more than once wondered if he had been lured

Children of the Dark Star

away, as the saying is. For if ever there was a human being whom the "others" might well seek to have among them, it was Alasdair Achanna.

We spoke much of desolate Eilanmore, and wondered if the rains and winds still made the same gloom upon the isle as when we sojourned there. We spoke of his kinswoman, and my dear friend, Anne Gillespie, she who went away with Manùs MacCodrum, and died so young; and of Manùs himself and his terrible end, when Gloom his brother played death upon him, in the deep sea, where the seals were, and he hearing nothing, nothing in all the world, but the terror and horror of the Dàn-nan-Ròn. And we spoke of Gloom himself, of whom none had heard since the day he fled from the west—not after the death of Manùs, about which few knew, but after the murder of the swimmer in the loch, whom he took to be his own brother Sheumais, and the lover of his desire, Katreen Macarthur. I thought—perhaps it was rather I preferred to think—that Gloom was no longer among the evil forces loose in the world; but I heard from Alasdair that he was alive, and would some day come again, for the men who are without compassion, and sin because it is their life, cannot for too long remain from the place where blooms the scarlet flower of their worst evil-doing.

Since then I have had good reason to know how true was Alasdair's spiritual knowledge—though this is not the time or place for me to relate either what I then heard from "Alan Dall," or what terrible and strange revealing of Gloom Achanna there was some three years ago, when his brother, whom he was of old so wont to mock, was no longer among those who dwell visibly on earth.

The Dome

But naturally that which the more held me in interest was the telling by Alasdair of how he whom I had thought dead was alive, and known by another name than his own. It is a story I will tell later, that of "Alan Dall": of how his blindness came to him, and of how he quickened with the vision that is from within, and of divers strange things; but here I speak only of that which brought him to Love and Death and the Gate of Dreams.

For many weeks and months, he said, after he left Eilanmore, he wandered aimlessly abroad among the Western Isles. The melancholy of his youth had become a madness, but this was only an air that blew continually upon the loneliness of his spirit. There was a star upon his forehead, I know, for I have seen it: I saw it long ago when he revealed to me that beauty was a haunting spirit everywhere: when I looked upon him, and knew him, as one anointed. In the light of that star he walked ever in a divine surety. It was the star of beauty.

He fared to and fro as one in a dream, a dream behind, a dream his quest, himself a dream. Wherever he went, the light that was his spirit shone for healing, for peace, for troubled joy. He had ever lived so solitary, so few save his own kin and a scattered folk among the inner isles knew him even by sight, that in all the long reach of the Hebrides from the Butt of Lewis to Barra Head he passed as a stranger—a Gael and an islesman, it is true, because of his tongue and accent, but still a stranger. So great was the likeness he bore to one who was known throughout the Hebrides, and in particular to every man and woman in the South Isles, so striking in everything save height was he to the priest, Father Alan McIan, known everywhere simply

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as Father Alan, that he in turn came to be called Alan Mòr.

He was in Benbecula, the isle of a thousand waters, when he met his brother Gloom, and this on the day or the next day but one following the wild end of Manùs MacCodrum. His brother, dark, slim, shadowy-eyed, and furtive as an otter, was moving swiftly through a place of heather-clumps and brown tangled fern. Alasdair was on the ground, and saw him as he came. There was a smile on his face that he knew was evil, for Gloom so smiled when his spirit rose within him.

He stopped abruptly, a brief way off. He had not descried any other, but a yellowhammer had swung side-long from a spire of furze, uttering a single note. Somewhere, he thought, death was on the trail of life.

There was motionless stillness for a brief while. The yellowhammer hopped to the topmost spray of the bramble-bush where he had alit, and his light repetitive song flirted through the keen air.

. Then Gloom spoke. He looked sidelong, smiling furtively; yet his eyes had not rested on his brother.

"Well, now, Alasdair, soon there will not be an Achanna on Eilanmore."

Alasdair—tall, gaunt, with his blue dreaming eyes underneath his grizzled tangled hair—rose, and put out his right hand in greeting; but Gloom looked beyond it. Alasdair broke the silence which ensued.

"So you are here in Benbecula, brother? I, and others too, thought you had gone across the seas when you left Eilanmore."

"The nest was fouled, I am thinking, brother, or you,

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and Manùs too, and then I myself, would not be here and be there."

"Are you come out of the south, or going there?"

"Well, and for why that?"

"I thought you might be having news for me of Manùs. You know that Anne, who was dear to us, is asleep under the grass now?"

"Ay, she is dead. I know that."

"And Manùs? Is he still at Balnahunnur-sa-mona? Is he the man he was?"

"No, I am not for thinking, brother, that Manùs is the man he was."

"He will be at the fishing now? I heard that more than a mile o' the sea foamed yesterday off Craiginish Heads, with the big school of mackerel there was."

"Ay, he was ever fond o' the sea, Manùs MacCodrum: fèy of the sea, for the matter o' that, Alasdair Achanna."

"I am on my way now to see Manùs."

"I would not be going, brother," answered Gloom in a slow, indifferent voice.

"And for why that?"

Gloom advanced idly, and slid to the ground, lying there and looking up into the sky.

"It's a fair, sweet world, Alasdair."

Alasdair looked at him, but said nothing.

"It's a fair, sweet world. I have heard that saying on your mouth a score of times, and a score upon a score."

"Well?"

"Well? But is it not a fair, sweet world?"

"Ay, it is fair and sweet."

"Lie still, brother, and I will tell you about Manùs, who

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married Anne, whom I loved. And I will be beginning, if you please, with the night when she told us that he was to be her man, and when I played on my feadan the air of the Dàn-nan-Ròn. Will you be remembering that?"

"I remember."

Then with that, Gloom, always lying idly on his back, and smiling often as he stared up into the blue sky, told all that happened to Anne and Manùs, till death came to Anne; and then how Manùs heard the seal-voice that was in his blood calling to him; and how he went to his sea-folk, made mad by the secret fatal song of the pipe, the song that is called the Dàn-nan-Ròn; and how the pools in the rocky skerries out yonder in the sea were red still with the blood that the seals had not lapped, or that the tide had not yet lifted and spilled greying into the grey wave.

There was a silence when he had told that thing. Alasdair did not look at him. Gloom, still lying on his back, stared into the sky, smiling furtively. Alasdair was white as foam at night. At last he spoke.

"The death of Manùs is knocking at your heart, Gloom Achanna."

"I am not a seal, brother. Ask the seals. They know. He was of their people: not of us."

"It is a lie. He was a man, as we are. He was our friend, and the husband of Anne. His death is knocking at your heart, Gloom Achanna."

"Are you for knowing if our brother Sheumais is still on Eilanmore?"

Alasdair looked long at him, anxious, and puzzled by the abrupt change.

"I am not for knowing why he is not still on Eilanmore."

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"Have you not had hearing of anything about Sheumais—and—about Katreena nic Airt?"—

"About Katreen, daughter of Donald Macarthur, in the Sleat of Skye?"

"Ay—about Sheumais, and Katreen Macarthur?"

"What about them?"

"Nothing. Ah no, for sure, nothing. But did you never hear Sheumais speak of this bonnie Katreen?"

"He has the deep love for her, Gloom: the deep, true love."

"H'm!"

With that Gloom smiled again, as he stared idly into the sky from where he lay on his back amid the heather and bracken. With a swift, furtive gesture he slipped his feadan from his breast, and put his breath upon it. A cool, high spiral of sound, like delicate blue smoke, came from it.

Then, suddenly, he began to play the Dannhsa-na-Mairbh—the Dance of Death.

Alasdair shivered, but said nothing. He had his eyes on the ground. When the wild, fantastic, terrifying air filled the very spires of the heather with its dark music—its music out of the grave—he looked at his brother.

"Will you be telling me now, Gloom, what is in your heart against Sheumais?"

"Is not Sheumais wishful to be leaving Eilanmore?"

"Like enough. I know nothing of Eilanmore now. It is long since I have seen the white o' the waves in Catacol haven."

"I am thinking that that air I was playing will help him to be leaving soon, but not to be going where Katreen Macarthur is."

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"And why not?"

"Well, because I am thinking Katreen, the daughter of Donald Macarthur, is to have another man to master her than our brother Sheumais. I will tell you his name, Alasdair: it is Gloom Achanna."

"It is a cruel wrong that is in your mind. You would fain do to Sheumais what you have done to Manùs, husband of Anne, our friend and kinswoman. There is death in your heart, Gloom: the blue mould is on the corn that is your heart."

Gloom played softly. It was a little eddy of evil, bitter music, swift and biting and poisonous as an adder's tongue.

Alasdair's lips tightened, and a red splash came into the whiteness of his face, as though a snared bird were bleeding beneath a patch of snow.

"You have no love for the girl. By your own word to me on Eilanmore, you had the hunger on you for Anne Gillespie. Was that just because you saw that she loved Manùs? And is it so now—that you have a hawk's eye for the poor birdeen yonder in the Sleat, and that just because you know, or have heard, that Sheumais loves her, and loves her true, and because she loves him?"

"I have heard no such lie, Alasdair Achanna."

"Then what is it that you have heard?"

"Oh, the east wind whispers in the grass; an' a bird swims up from the grass an' sings it in the blue fields up yonder; an' then it falls down again in a thin, thin rain; an' a drop trickles into my ear. An' that is how I am knowing what I know, Alasdair Achanna."

"And Anne—did you love Anne?"

"Anne is dead."

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"It's the herring-love that is yours, Gloom. To-day it is a shadow here: to-morrow it is a shadow yonder. There is no tide for you: there is no haven for the likes o' you."

"There is one woman I want. It is Katreen Macarthur."

"If it be a true thing that I have heard, Gloom Achanna, you have brought shame and sorrow to one woman already."

For the first time Gloom stirred. He shot a swift, shadowy glance at Alasdair, and a tremor was in his white, sensitive hands. He looked as a startled fox does, when, intent, its nerves quiver before flight.

"And what will you have heard?" he asked in a low voice.

"That you took away from her home a girl who did not love you, but on whom you put a spell; and that she followed you to her sorrow, and was held by you to her shame; and that she was lost, or drowned herself at last, because of these things."

"And did you hear who she was?"

"No. The man who told me was Aulay MacAulay, of Carndhu in Sutherland. He said he did not know who she was, but I am thinking he did know, poor man, because his eyes wavered, and he put a fluttering hand to his beard and began to say swift stammering words about the herrin' that had been seen off the headland that morning."

Gloom smiled, a faint fugitive smile; then, half turning where he lay, he took a letter from his pocket.

"Ay, for sure, Aulay MacAulay was an old friend of yours; to be sure, yes. I am remembering he used sometimes to come to Eilanmore in his smack. But before I speak again of what you said to me just now, I will read you my letter that I have written to our brother Sheumais; he is not knowing if I am living still, or am dead."

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With that he opened the letter, and, smiling momentarily at times, he read it in a slow, deliberate voice, and as though it were the letter of another man.

"Well, Sheumais my brother, it is wondering if I am dead you will be. Maybe ay, and maybe no. But I send you this writing to let you see that I know all you do and think of. So you are going to leave Eilanmore without an Achanna upon it? And you will be going to Sleat in Skye? Well, let me be telling you this thing: Do not go. I see blood there. And there is this, too: neither you nor any man shall take Katreen away from me. You know that; and Ian Macarthur knows it; and Katreen knows it: and that holds whether I am alive or dead. I say to you: Do not go. It will be better for you and for all. Ian Macarthur is away on the north-sea with the whaler-captain who came to us at Eilanmore, and will not be back for three months yet. It will be better for him not to come back. But if he comes back he will have to reckon with the man who says that Katreen Macarthur is his. I would rather not have two men to speak to, and one my brother. It does not matter to you where I am. I want no money just now. But put aside my portion for me. Have it ready for me against the day I call for it. I will not be patient that day: so have it ready for me. In the place that I am, I am content. You will be saying: Why is my brother away in a remote place (I will say this to you: That it is not farther north than St. Kilda nor farther south than the Mull of Cantyre!), and for what reason? That is between me and silence. But perhaps you think of Anne sometimes. Do you know that she lies under the green grass? And of Manùs MacCodrum? They say that he swam out into the sea and was drowned;

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and they whisper of the seal-blood, though the minister is wroth with them for that. He calls it a madness. Well, I was there at that madness, and I played to it on my feadan. And now, Sheumais, can you be thinking of what the tune was that I played?

"Your brother, who waits his own day, *GLOOM.*

"Do not be forgetting this thing: I would rather not be playing the Dannhsa-na-Mairbh. It was an ill hour for Mamis when he heard the Dàn-nan-Ròn; it was the song of his soul, that; and yours is the Dannhsa-na-Mairbh."

When he had read the last words, Gloom looked up at Alasdair. His eyes quailed instinctively at the steadfast gaze of his brother.

"I am thinking," he said lightly, though uneasily, as he himself knew, "that Sheumais will not now be putting his marriage-thoughts upon Katreen."

For a minute or more Alasdair was silent. Then he spoke.

"Do you remember, when you were a child, what old Morag said?"

"No."

"She said that your soul was born black, and that you were no child for all your young years; and that for all your pleasant ways, for all your smooth way and smoother tongue, you would do cruel evil to man and woman as long as you lived. She said you were born under the Dark Star."

Gloom laughed.

"Ay, and you too, Alasdair. Don't be forgetting that.

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You too, she saw, were born so. She said we—you and I—that we two were the Children of the Dark Star.”

“But she said no evil of me, Gloom, and you are knowing that well.”

“Well, and what then?”

“Do not send that letter to Sheumais. He has deep love for Katreen. Let the lass be. You do not love her, Gloom. It will be to her sorrow and shame if you seek her. But if you are still for sending it, I will sail to-morrow for Eilanmore. I will tell Sheumais, and I will go with him to the Sleat of Skye. And I will be there to guard the girl Katreen against you, Gloom.”

“No: you will do none of those things. And for why? Because to-morrow you will be hurrying far north to Stornoway. And when you are at Stornoway you may still be Alan Mòr to everyone, as you are here, but to one person you will be Alasdair Achanna, and no other, and now and for evermore.”

Alasdair stared, amazed.

“What wild-goose folly is this that you would be setting me on, you whom it is my sorrow to call brother?”

“I have a letter here for you to read. I wrote it many days ago, but it is a good letter now for all that. If I give it to you now, will you pass me the word that you will not read it till I am gone away from here—till you cannot have a sight of me, or of the shadow of my shadow?”

“I promise.”

“Then here it is: an’ good day to you, Alasdair Achanna. An’ if ever we meet again, you be keeping to your way, as I will keep to my way; and in that doing there shall be no blood between brothers. But if you want to seek me, you

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will find me across the seas, and mayhap Katreen—ah, well, yes, Katreen or someone else—by my side.”

And with that, and giving no hand, or no glance of the eyes, Gloom rose, and turned upon his heel, and walked slowly but lightly across the tangled bent.

Alasdair watched him till he was a long way off. He never once looked back. When he was gone a hundred yards or more, he put his feadan to his mouth and began to play. Two airs he played, the one ever running into the other: wild, fantastic, and, in Alasdair's ears, horrible to listen to. In the one he heard the moaning of Anne, the screams of Manùs among the seals: in the other, a terror moving stealthily against his brother Sheumais, and against Katreen, and—and—he knew not whom.

When the last faint wild spiral of sound, that seemed to be neither of the Dàn-nan-Ròn nor of the Dannhsa-namairbh, but of the soul of evil that inhabited both, when this last perishing echo was no more, and only the clean cold hill-wind came down across the moors with a sighing sweetness, Alasdair rose. The letter could wait now, he muttered, till he was before the peats.

When he returned to the place where he was lodging, the crofter's wife put a bowl of porridge and some coarse rye-bread before him.

“And when you've eaten, Alan Mòr,” she said, as she put her plaid over her head and shoulders, and stood in the doorway, “will you be having the goodness to smoor the peats before you lie down for the sleep that I'm thinking is heavy upon you?”

“Ay, for sure,” Alasdair answered gently. “But are you not to be here to-night?”

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"No. The sister of my man Ranald is down with the fever, and her man away with mine at the fishing, and I am going to be with her this night; but I will be here before you wake for all that. And so good-night again, Alan Mòr."

"God's blessing, and a quiet night, good woman."

Then, after he had supped, and dreamed a while as he sat opposite the fire of glowing peats, he opened the letter that Gloom had given him. He read it slowly.

It was some minutes later that he took it up again, from where it had fallen on the red sandstone of the hearth. And now he read it once more, aloud, and in a low, strained voice that had a bitter, frozen grief in it—a frozen grief that knew no thaw in tears, in a single sob.

"You will remember well, Alasdair my brother, that you loved Marsail nic Ailpean, who lived in Eilan-Rona. You will be remembering, too, that when Ailpean MacAilpean said he would never let Marsail put her hand in yours, you went away and said no more. That was because you were a fool, Alasdair my brother. And Marsail—she, too, thought you were a fool. I know you did that doing because you thought it was Marsail's wish: that is, because she did not love you. What had that to do with it? I am asking you, what had that to do with it, if you wanted Marsail? Women are for men, not men for women. And, brother, because you are a poet, let me tell you this, which is old ancient wisdom, and not mine alone, that no woman likely to be loved by a poet can be true to a poet. For women are all at heart cowards, and it takes a finer woman than any you or I have known to love a poet. For that means to take the steep brae instead of the easy lily

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leven. *I am thinking, Alasdair, you will not find easily the woman that in her heart of hearts will leave the lily leven for the steep brae. No, not easily.*

"Ah yes, for sure, I am hearing you say—women bear pain better, are braver, too, than men. I have heard you say that. I have heard the whistle-fish at the coming of the tide—but a little later the tide ebbed once more. And are they brave, these women you who are poets speak of, but whom we who are men never meet? I will tell you this little thing, brother: they are always crying for love, but love is the one thing they fear. And in their hearts they hate poets, Alasdair, because poets say, Be true: but that cannot be, because women can be true to their lovers, but they cannot be true to love—for love wishes sunrise and full noon everywhere, so that there be no lie anywhere, and that is why women fear love.

"And I am thinking of these things, because of Marsail whom you loved, and because of the song you made once about the bravery of woman. I have forgotten the song, but I remember that the last line of that song was 'foam o' the sea.'

"And what is all this about? you will be saying when you read this. Well, for that, it is my way. If you want a woman—not that a man like you, all visions and bloodless as a skate, could ever have that want—you would go to her and say so. But my way is to play my feadan at the towers of that woman's pride and self-will, and see them crumbling, crumbling, till I walk in when I will, and play my feadan again, and go laughing out once more, and she with me.

"But again you will say, Why all this? Brother, will you be remembering this: That our brother Marcus also loved Marsail. Marcus is under the wave, you will say. Yes,

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Marcus is under the wave. But I, Gloom Achanna, am not : and I too loved Marsail. Well, when you went away, you wrote a letter to her to say that you would never love any other woman. She did not get that letter. It is under the old black stone with the carvings on it, that is in the brown water of the bog that lies between Eilanmore farmhouse and the Grey Loch. And once, long afterward, you wrote again, and you sent that letter to Marcus, to take to her and to give to her in person. I found it on the day of his death in the pocket of a frieze coat he had worn the day before. I do not know where it is now. The gulls know. Or perhaps the crabs at the bottom of the sea do. You with your writing, brother : I with my feadan.

"Well, I went to Eilan-Rona. I played my feadan there, outside the white walls of Marsail nic Ailpean. And when the walls were crumbling I entered, and I said Come, and she came.

"No, no, Alasdair my brother, I do not think you would have been happy. She was ever letting tears come in the twilight, and in the darkness of the sleeping hours. I have heard her sob in full noon, brother. She was fair to see, a comely lass ; but she never took to a vagrant life. She thought we were going to Coleraine to sail to America. America is a long way—it is a longer way than love for a woman who has too many tears. She said I had put a spell upon her. Tut, tut. I played my feadan to pretty Marsail. No harm in that for sure, Alasdair aghrày ?

"For six months or more we wandered here and there. She had no English—so I went round by the cold bleak burghs and grey stony towns northward and eastward of Inverness, as far and farther than Peterhead and Fraserburgh. A cold land, a thin, bloodless folk. I would not be recommending it to you,

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Alasdair. And yet, for why not? It would be a good place for the 'Anointed Man.' You could be practising there nicely, brother, against cold winds and cold hearths and bitter cold ways.

"This is a long, long letter, the longest I have ever written. It has been for pleasure to me to write this letter, though I have written slowly, as is my wont, and now here, and now there. And I must be ending. But I will say this first: That I am weary of Marsail now, and that, too, for weeks past. She will be having a child soon. She is in Stornoway, at the house of Beann Marsanta MacIlleathain ('Widow McLean,' as they have it in that half-English place), in the street that runs behind the big street where the Courthouse is. She will be there till her time is over. It is a poor place, ill-smelling too. But she will do well there: Beann Catreena is a good woman, if she is paid for it. And I paid good money, Alasdair. It will do for a time. Not for very long, I am thinking, but till then. Marsail has no longer her fair-to-see way with her. It is a pity that—for Marsail.

"And now, brother, will you be remembering your last word to me on Eilanmore? You said, 'You shall yet eat dust, Gloom Achanna, whose way is the way of death.' And will you be remembering what I said? I said, 'Wait, for I may come later than you to that bitter eating.'

"And now I am thinking that it is you, and not I, who have eaten dust.—Your brother,

GLOOM."

And so—his dream was over. The vision of a happiness to be, of a possible happiness—and, for long, it had not been with Alasdair a vision of reward to him, but one of a rarer happiness, which considered only the weal of Marsail, and that whether ultimately he or some other won her—

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this, which was, now was not: this was become as the dew on last year's grass. Not once had he wavered in his dream. By day and by night the wild-rose of his love had given him beauty and fragrance. He had come to hope little: indeed, to believe that Marsail might already happily be wed, and perhaps with a child's little hands against her breast. I am thinking he did not love as most men love.

When the truth flamed into his heart from the burning ashes of Gloom's letter, he sat a while, staring vaguely into the glow of the peats. There had been a bitter foolishness in his making, he muttered to himself: a bitter foolishness. Had he been more as other men and less a dreamer, had he shown less desire of the soul and more desire of the body, then surely Marsail would not have been so hard to win. For she had lingered with him in the valley, if she had not trod the higher slopes: that he remembered with mingled joy and grief. Surely she had loved him. And, of a truth, his wrought imaginings were not rainbow-birds. Their wings had caught the spray of those bitter waters which we call experience, the wisdom of the flesh. Great love claims the eternal stars behind the perishing stars of the beloved's eyes, and would tread "the vast of dreams" beneath a little human heart. But there are few who love thus. It was not likely that Marsail was of those strong enough to mate with the great love. The many love too well the near securities.

All night long Alasdair sat brooding by the fire. Before dawn, he rose and went to the door. The hollow infinitude of the sky was filled with the incense of a myriad smoke of stars. His gaze wandered, till held where Hesperus and the planets called The Hounds leaped, tremulously incessant, for ever welling to the brim, yet never spilling their radiant

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liquid fires. An appalling stillness prevailed in these depths.

Beyond the heather-slope in the moor he could hear the sea grinding the shingle as the long slow wave rose and fell. Once, for a few moments, he listened intent: invisibly overhead a tail of wild geese travelled wedgewise towards polar seas, and their wild forlorn honk slipped bell-like through the darkness, and as from ledge to ledge of silent air.

As though it were the dew of that silence, peace descended upon him. There was, in truth, a love deeper than the body. Marsail—ah, poor broken heart, poor wounded life! Was love not great enough to heal that wound, was there not balm to put a whiteness and a quietness over that troubled heart, deep calm and moonrise over drowning waters?

Mayhap she did not love him now, could never love him as he loved her, with the love that is blind to life and deaf to death: well, her he loved. It was enough. Her sorrow and her shame, at least, might be his too. Her will would be his will: and if she were too weary to will, her weariness would be his to guide into a haven of rest: and if she had no thought of rest, no dream of rest, no wish for rest, but only a blind, baffled crying for the love which had brought her to the dust, well, that too he would do, and comfort her with a sweet, impossible dream, and crown her shame with honour, and put his own love like cool green grass beneath her feet.

"And she will not lose all," he said, smiling gently: adding, below his breath, as he turned to make ready for his departure against the dawn, "because, for sure, it is God that builds the nest of the blind bird."

Fiona Macleod.

Drawing, Painting and
Engraving

The White King

No Hapsburg has enjoyed a popularity comparable to that of Kaiser Max. His genial manners and affability made him a favourite wherever German was spoken, whereas his successor, Charles v., a greater potentate in Europe, was regarded as an alien in Germany, where he introduced the strict etiquette, cold manners, and foreign dress of the Spanish court. The Germans of the present day cherish the memory of Maximilian, and love to speak of him as "the last of the knights." The title is appropriate in so far as he was ardently devoted to all chivalrous exercises, and skilled in the tournament, and in single combat with sword or spear. He cherished the idea of a new crusade against the Turks. His favourite saint was the knightly St. George, and he looks himself the very personification of chivalry in the equestrian portrait which Jost de Negker cut on wood in 1508 from Burgkmair's design, enriching the black outline with a second colour block, which was printed in red, and relieved the contrast of black and white with its own contribution of tinted lines and masses. The armour, the peacock plumes, the rich trappings of the horse, and the heraldic banner under the graceful arch, combine to form a

The White King

stately and delightful picture. But it is less satisfactory as a portrait. The familiar features of the emperor are partly hidden by his helmet; and the whole man, as we know him best, is not Burgkmair's knight so much as Dürer's "dear prince," with the thoughtful kindly face, ten years older, under a wide-brimmed hat, and the collar of the Golden Fleece over a coat of rich brocade. Maximilian is not, in fact, the last representative of the Middle Ages in Germany, but the typical man of the period which intervened between the Middle Ages and the Reformation—the period of the Renaissance. The mediæval doctrine of a holy Roman emperor claiming universal dominion in matters temporal by the power of the sword, as the Pope claimed it in matters spiritual by the power of the keys, was in all but name extinct. Frederick III., Maximilian's father, was the last emperor who was crowned at Rome. His son was in truth the first German emperor. It was he, among all German princes, who gave the warmest welcome to the new learning and the emancipation of art from mediæval conventions. He was the patron of the little band of humanists who wrote Sapphic odes in questionable prosody, inviting Apollo to cross the Alps, and exulted in every relic of classical antiquity—a Roman coin, a vase, or an inscribed stone—which proved that before the dark ages Italy had shed her light on their own rugged fatherland. The emperor himself knew no Greek, but was master of a fluent though scarcely Ciceronian Latinity. He was keenly interested in antiquities and in the arts. Augsburg, where he loved to stay in the intervals of his numerous campaigns, was foremost among the German imperial towns in the first two decades of the sixteenth century

The Dome

in borrowing from Italy, especially from Venice, Renaissance details in decorative art. In architecture, in painting, and in black and white design, comparatively pure Renaissance motives are found in the works of the Swabians, Holbein and Burgkmair, and mere caricatures of them in most other schools, except that of Nuremberg at its best. The brilliant life of the imperial court during its frequent visits gave colour and vivacity to the local school of art by which its picturesque costumes and manners have been recorded, and furnished Hans Burgkmair especially with the subjects best suited to his genius.

When Maximilian resolved to make a bid for immortality by leaving behind him some great memorial of the glories of his race and of his own achievements (for, as he says, "the man who makes no memorial to himself in his lifetime has none after death, and is forgotten with the sound of his funeral knell"), the form of art which he selected for the purpose was characteristic of the country and the time. It was not architecture, or painting, or sculpture, but a great series of illustrated books, and woodcuts penetrated by a literary purpose, even when dissociated from a printed text. His life was too restless for him to have a home, and he was no builder of palaces or churches. But he could carry about with him on his travels the literary records of his family and of his own life, and inspect proofs of the woodcuts in his moments of leisure, and so his books, though all but one even of these have remained fragmentary, have achieved, at least in these latter days, a certain degree of fame. Lacking style, the great preservative of literature, they have been kept alive solely by their illustrations; but by virtue of these they belong to the foremost rank among the

The White King

masterpieces of the great period of book-illustration in Germany.

Besides a number of literary projects which were never carried out, the following arrived at some degree of completeness, though very few of them were finished before the emperor's death. The immense Triumphal Arch, carried out by Dürer and his pupils, may be regarded as an epitome of all the woodcuts designed for Maximilian. The smaller Triumphal Car, designed by Dürer, was published in 1522. The Triumphal Procession—a series of 135 oblong blocks, representing the arts of war and peace, the victories of Maximilian, the alliances of his house, and the tribute offered to him from all parts of the earth—was divided among Nuremberg and Augsburg artists. Burgkmair had the lion's share of the work, and he is seen at his best in this ever-varying pageant, in which men of all nations and languages march to military music, or ride in chariots drawn by camels, stags, or oxen, while a colossal griffin leads the way. The procession existed only in rare proofs from the unfinished blocks till an edition came out at Vienna in 1796. Of *Freydal*, which was to have been a huge collection of illustrations of the tournaments, masquerades, and dances in which Max had taken part, only five blocks were ever cut; but the finished drawings of the whole in water-colour are preserved. The Genealogy and the Saints of the House of Austria, on which an enormous amount of historical research and unhistorical invention were expended, were never published till recently. Some of these ancestors, mostly fabulous, with arms and quarterings complete, were cut on wood from Burgkmair's designs. They are more curious than pleasing, and proofs of them

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are extremely rare. The Austrian Saints were drawn by Leonhard Beck, and are a delightful series, well composed and free from monotony. Beck had a great sense of the artistic possibilities of a bishop.

Lastly, two large books were devoted to the story of the emperor's own life, disguised in historical romance. *Theuerdank*, which alone was finished and printed at Nuremberg in 1517, on vellum, in a splendid and fantastic type, relates in rhyme Maximilian's early life, with the perils by land and sea into which he was led by the plots of three enemies, and from which he was rescued by his good genius, Ehrenhold. Max himself, under the name of Theuerdank, is always to be recognised by his nose and by the Wheel of Fortune which he adopted as his device. The subjects are chiefly hunting-scenes, jousts, and incidents of travel. They were drawn by Burgkmair, Beck, and Schäußelein. There is a certain monotony about the illustrations, but many of them are charming by themselves. The second and more important romance, *Der Weisskunig*, or *The White King*, was never finished. It is from this romance that our illustrations are chosen, and I shall speak of it shortly at greater length.

The part which Max himself took in the preparation of all these works was no slight one. When he had decided on a subject, he consulted one of the literary men whom he employed as secretary, court poet, or astronomer, Stabius or Celtes, Mennel or Pirckheimer, and set him to work to collect facts. Next he would dictate portions of the work, and revise the manuscript, adding notes of his own: "Here such or such a subject is to be painted." Then he got an artist, of no great merit as a rule, to make pen-and-ink sketches of the

The White King

composition, according to his own directions. The next stage was to have these slight sketches worked up by another hand into carefully finished water-colour drawings on vellum, heightened with gold. From these designs several draughtsmen were commissioned to draw the subjects on the blocks, considerable freedom being given to each on condition that he was faithful in the main to the composition, and accurate in the costumes. Then the blocks were cut, chiefly by the school of wood-engravers formed at Augsburg under the famous Jost de Negker, who came there from Antwerp about 1510. As each block was cut, proofs were submitted to the emperor, and if he was not satisfied he would have pieces cut out and new pieces inserted, with the correct detail. This was done especially in the case of *Theuerdank*, into which the emperor introduced a new character when most of the work had been done; so that this person's head by Beck had to be patched on to somebody else's shoulders by Schäufelein or Burgkmair. When the proofs finally passed muster, they were pasted into places which had been prepared for them in the MS., so that an album was formed, till the whole was ready to go to press. In the case of the *Weisskunig* the work remained stationary at this point, and after years of work it was incomplete at the emperor's death in 1519. Max had begun before 1500 to write a Latin autobiography, on which the later book was founded. The text, as we have it, was written in German prose in 1514 by a secretary named Marx Treitzsaurwein, and corrected by Max in his own hand. The illustrations were finished, as far as they ever were, by 1515; but the work was laid aside. In 1526 the Archduke Ferdinand intended to have it completed, but it broke down finally because Treitzsaurwein, the only

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man left who knew what it was all about, died in 1527. The latest editor has done much to restore order, but the pictures are so numerous, and the story so involved, that even Max had forgotten among his many distractions what some of the cuts were intended to represent, and his secretary's book of queries remained with many gaps in the place of answers.

The emperor's primary intention was to write "tales of a grandfather" for the example of the Archdukes Charles and Ferdinand. The romance is in the main historical, but events are represented in a light too favourable to the hero, and all the characters—the celebrities of the day—are disguised under false names, often easily read through. The White King himself is the emperor, so called from his shining silver armour. Max during his father's lifetime is always the Young White King; Frederick III. is the Old White King, and Archduke Sigismund of the Tyrol the Merry White King. The King of France is the Blue King, so named from the azure field of the royal arms. The Duke of Burgundy is the King of Feuereisen, in allusion to the steel for striking fire which forms part of the insignia of the order of the Golden Fleece. Edward IV. is the King of Flowers, or of the White Rose. Richard III. is the Red King; Henry VII., and later Henry VIII., the White-Red King. The Green King is the King of Hungary; the King of the Swan, the King of Cleves; the Ermine King, the Duke of Brittany; the King of the Wild People, the King of Scotland; the King of the Dragon, the Duke of Milan; the King of the Fish, the Doge of Venice; the Yellow King, the King of Poland; the Black King, the King of Spain; and the King of the Three Crowns, the Pope. The various nations are similarly disguised. The Swiss are the Peasants, or the

The White King

People of Many Colours ; the Dutch are the Grey Folk, the Flemings the Brown Folk, and so forth. What with these names and the long and curious headings of the chapters, one is reminded now of *Alice through the Looking-Glass*, now of William Morris's later prose romances. Would that Treitzsaurwein were half as entertaining even as the latter ! A book written thus to order by a pedant could not fail to be intensely dull, and one is only rewarded now and again by something quaint and amusing. The book is redeemed by its 250 splendid woodcuts, designed in nearly equal proportions by Burgkmair and Beck, only a few being by Nuremberg men. All are of the same size and shape, about eight inches square.

The first part of the book treats of the life of Frederick III., and especially his marriage, performed at Rome by Pius II., to Leonora of Portugal, the subject of one of Pinturicchio's famous frescoes in the Cathedral library at Siena. The second part opens with the birth and baptism of Maximilian. There was a great discussion as to whether he should be called George, after the Saint, or Constantine, to mark his vocation to expel the Turks from Constantinople, or Maximilian, after the sainted Bishop of Lorch. It was only by an after-thought that an ingenious scholar declared the name to be a "portmanteau word," formed out of Fabius Maximus and Paulus Æmilius. Then in a long series of delightful pictures we see the boy at work and at play. He has a toy tournament set on a table in the garden, and shoots at little birds with a crossbow, the equivalent of the modern catapult, in the intervals of impressing his elders by his readiness at sums and copybooks. He learns Latin and the seven liberal arts. Next he makes friends with the

The Dome

carpenter, the mason, the saddler, the armourer, the mint-master, the painter, the sculptor, the physician, and last, but not least, the cook, and learns their several arts and crafts. He loves field-sports, and we see him out with hawk and hounds, or with fishing-rod in hand. We do not hear much of his religion, but he can quote St. Paul to the purpose, when he asks his father for permission to study magic, on the ground of the apostolic precept to "prove all things." His father gave him leave to learn magic, though not to practise it, and so we get the picture which is reproduced as the first of our illustrations, of the young prince and his tutor, Peter Engelbrecht, placed between the witch, typical of the black art, and the friar, typical of theology, its spiritual antidote. As he grows older he delights in ladies' society, and in organising masquerades and torch-light dances for their amusement. But he also learns the arts of war, among which we find landscape-painting included as part of the equipment of a general, "for what reason," the author says, "it becomes me not to publish in this book, nor to write thereof, but it must be kept for kings and captains." He speaks presumably of surveying, or the scientific kind of draughtsmanship which a cadet learns nowadays at Woolwich. In his leisure moments it was the prince's delight to learn modern languages by conversation with persons of all ranks. First he learnt the Bohemian and Wendish tongues from a peasant who used to bring fruit to sell. We see him standing on the steps at the palace door talking to the old apple-man in his quaint cap. He learnt Italian from Lombard men-at-arms, English from archers, Spanish from the despatches which were constantly brought by couriers from the King of Spain. He learnt

The White King

French, as he quaintly says, from a young lady, and Flemish from an old lady. The young lady was Mary of Burgundy, with whom he is practising the language in the garden in our second illustration, while the gentlemen and ladies of their respective suites improve the occasion for conversation lessons in French and German on mutual terms. We do not hear who the old lady was, but she would talk by the hour to the Young White King, and he found her most instructive. After all this he was fully equipped for the work of life, which forms the subject of the third part. In 1477, at the age of eighteen, he married Mary of Burgundy, who was two years his senior. She died in 1482, but she fills a large place in the *Weisskunig*, where we hear nothing of her successor, Bianca Maria Sforza.

We cannot follow Max through all the scenes of his busy public life. His battles and sieges, his councils and alliances, the history of his children and grandchildren, all are written in the book of *The White King*. The latest events are the battle of Flodden, 1513, and the burial of James IV., who was killed there. It would be a pretty task for some competent historian to write a critical commentary on the pictures. Their accuracy must not be accepted too implicitly. Our third illustration, for instance, which is described as the Prison of the Dragon King (Ludovico Sforza, Il Moro, Duke of Milan), ought to represent Loches in Touraine, but assuredly does not. But at least they are a perfect treasury of information about the manners, costume, furniture, weapons, and armour of the age of Maximilian. Though the woodcuts were done to order just as much as the text, they have escaped the fate of being dull and monotonous. They are full of life and spirit, and the artists seem to have

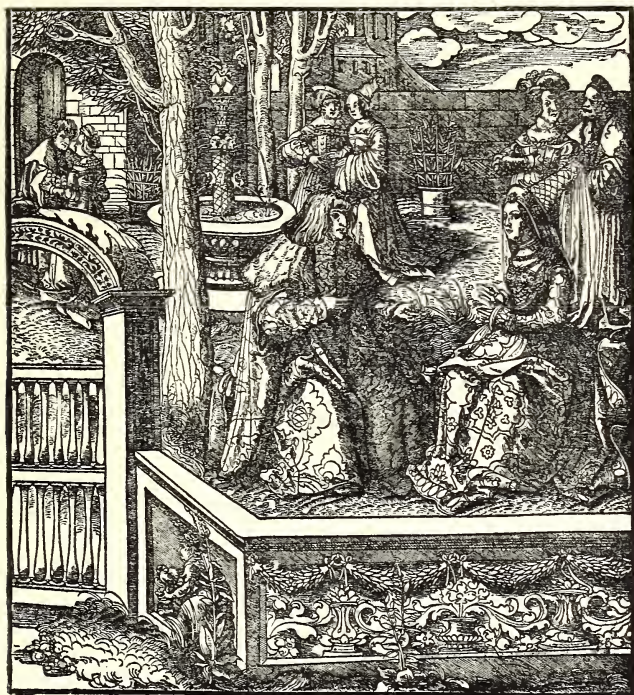
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rejoiced in making them. Burgkmair is by far the best, especially in landscape, and in all scenes where animals are introduced. Beck succeeds better with interiors and domestic subjects. His women look comfortable and well-favoured, whereas Burgkmair's are thin, and their noses are turned up inquiringly. Both are great at funerals, and whenever one of the princely personages dies, he is buried with "dirge and trentals richly said." All church ceremonies are excellently composed. In the landscapes of both artists you must make allowances for the houses, even in the immediate foreground, being absurdly small. If you apply modern ideas of perspective to their fortresses and towns, the anachronism is yours. Ships, too, are tiny; but regard them as decorative objects, and they need not offend you. If you are interested in the decoration of rooms, in Burgundian head-dresses, in masques and banquets, in tournaments, in the pomp and circumstance of war; if you would see the emperor under whom the Northern Renaissance was at its best, moving in his habit as he lived through all the brilliant scenes and stirring adventures of his sixty years, you need only turn over the pages of *The White King*, and when you have closed them, open those of *Theuerdank*, and, if you are not weary, end with the *Triumph*.

Campbell Dodgson.











BEAUTY and the BEAST



Now Beauty found ye Beast
dying in ye garden and how
she wept over him and cried
calling upon him as her Love



Music

An English Bayreuth

To the Editor of "The Dome."

Dear Sir,—

It is with enthusiasm, but tempered a little by some sense of the enormous difficulty in the way of the scheme, that I have read the article in your January issue by Mr. Runciman upon the necessity for establishing a Bayreuth—and therewith all that Bayreuth means—in England. The first question one would have to face is clearly this: Do the English people want opera done for them decently and with dignity, without the accompaniment of all those sordid and unblessed conditions which seem to be a necessity in the system of State-unaided opera that prevails in this country? Mr. Runciman assumes that since there is such a demand in Germany, where the supply is an excellent one, therefore if you provide an excellent supply in England, the same demand will necessarily follow here. Luckily art does not depend upon economic laws for its manifestations, and I am inclined to think that Mr. Runciman's argument is right, or is sufficiently conclusive, at all events, to justify the running of a certain risk. We must suppose, then, that the public either does at the present

An English Bayreuth

moment believe, or can by some means be persuaded in the future, that it is a desirable thing to have opera in England placed upon a right and proper artistic basis. And since it is as well to lessen the risk at the outset as much as possible, everybody who is persuaded with any seriousness of the truth of this proposition, should regard himself in the light of one to whom it is a duty to spread such views as widely as possible. St. Philip Neri used to maintain that, with twelve absolutely zealous and obedient men of faith, he could convert the world. By the same proportion, four or five fervent believers in the cause of opera for England should be enough for the purpose, if they will only take the thing up sincerely and practically.

I presume that the possibility of State aid to opera in this country is the wildest of nightmare dreams. The State in England has always taken up the attitude of ignoring and stupidly insulting any artistic eminence and all artistic endeavour—compare the enormous sums disbursed yearly, amounting to £553,000, to the Royal Family, as against the Civil List pensions for needy men of distinction, which, lumped altogether, reach the total of £1200 a year! In Bavaria, for example, the shopkeeper needs the stimulus of no propaganda, for the State sees to it that his opera is never in financial jeopardy, with the inevitable result that, apart from State aid, the Munich opera is invariably a financial success, and therewith enormously popular. Whatever be the substitute for State aid, however, in any scheme for reformed opera, it must be of that indifferent and impersonal quality which inheres to Government action; above all things, there must be no question of the interference of subscribers, who are necessarily the fashionable curse

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of every conceivable scheme in which they are included. These two things must be at the bottom, as it were the foundation, of any scheme of the kind: an active and earnest propaganda, and the provisional security of a guarantee fund. Like Mr. Runciman, I do not believe in the desired millionaire, and even if so rare a bird turned up, it is most unlikely that he would be generous enough to exempt himself from all personal interference in the direction of the affair, without which act of generosity the scheme would at the beginning of things be utterly nullified. So that upon propaganda, for a start, one must clearly rely; and if a few of us be serious about the matter, the sooner some organisation is formed the better. Details would follow afterwards in natural sequence, though each individual would secretly cherish a special little ideal and expectation of his own as one of the issues of success. For my part, I have formed such a private desire and expectation already; I should look, among other things, from the triumph of a genuine scheme of operative reform to some fitting revival of the transcendently noble but too long neglected masterpieces of Gluck. *Exoriare aliquis.*

Believe me, yours, etc.

Vernon Blackburn.

London, 15th April 1898.

Pensiero elegiaco.

(THE SCULPTOR STRIVES AND FAILS.)

And^{te} Sostenu^{to}:

Edgardo Levi.

con moto

rall...

Ped.

1º tempo

con moto

Ped.

rall.

ff

con moto

Ped. Ped. Ped.

rall....

1º tempo

ppp

con moto.

rall.

Ped.

Presto

ppp.

Tears.

Walter Savage Landor.

Thomas F. Dunhill.

Tenor Voice *Andante*

Piano

dim. *Mine fall,*

and yet a fear of hers would

Tears

swell not soothe.....their pain Ah!

..... if she look but at these tears

They do not fall..... in

poco rit.

vain!

a tempo

pp.

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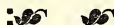
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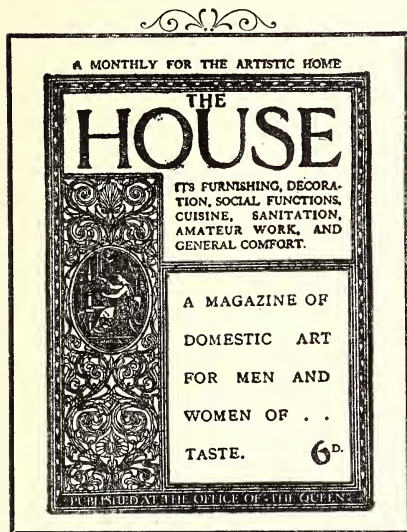
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